

## THE CITIZEN.

Del. Lack. and Western R. R.

Newark and Bloomfield Branch.

SUMMER, 1886.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Glenwood—7.17, 7.54, 8.30, 9.17, 10.27, 11.37, 12.43, 1.49, 2.33, 4.49, 5.27, 6.33, 8.18, 9.43, 11.08 p. m. 12.37 a. m.

Leave Bloomfield—6.08, 6.49, 7.19, 7.56, 8.32, 9.11, 10.00, 10.40, 11.29 a. m.

Leave Waterbury—6.10, 7.21, 7.58, 8.21, 10.41, 11.41 a. m., 12.49, 1.46, 3.38, 4.46, 5.31, 6.18, 7.02, 8.23, 9.45, 11.12 p. m., 12.41 a. m.

Does not stop at Newark.

NEW YORK.

Leave Hartford—8.30, 7.30, 8.10, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.40, 1.20, 2.10, 3.40, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00, 11.30 p. m.

Leave Newark for Blooming—6.26, 6.45, 7.15, 8.15, 8.45, 9.39, 9.45, 11.10, 12.39 a. m.

Leave Waterbury—6.10, 7.21, 7.58, 8.21, 10.41, 11.41 a. m., 12.49, 1.46, 3.38, 4.46, 5.31, 6.18, 7.02, 8.23, 9.45, 11.12 p. m., 12.41 a. m.

"Saturdays only.

NOTE—Leave Christopher street 5 minutes later than time given above.

New York &amp; Greenwood Lake R. R.

Leave New York, Post		Leave North Newark		Arrive Bloomfield		Leave Bloomfield		Leave Newark	
AM	PM	AM	PM	AM	PM	AM	PM	AM	PM
9.00	9.33	9.39	10.06	7.06	7.09	7.14	7.18	7.56	8.06
12.00	12.31	12.42	1.06	7.56	7.59	8.06	8.08	8.38	8.38
2.00	2.33	2.40	3.06	8.29	8.32	8.36	8.38	8.56	8.58
3.40	4.13	4.19	4.56	8.36	8.59	9.04	9.06	9.33	9.35
4.40	5.17	5.22	5.56	10.28	10.31	10.36	10.38	10.55	10.57
5.10	5.44	5.50	6.18	1.38	1.41	1.45	1.47	1.54	1.56
5.40	6.17	6.23	6.56	3.18	3.21	3.25	3.27	3.34	3.36
6.30	7.07	7.13	7.56	4.46	4.49	4.53	4.55	4.62	4.64
8.00	8.33	8.39	8.56	6.34	6.37	6.41	6.43	6.50	6.52
12.00	12.31	12.38	1.06	8.28	8.31	8.35	8.37	8.44	8.46

Sunday Trains from New York, 9.00 A.M. and 7.45 P.M. Sunday Trains from New York, via Orange Branch, 8.45 A.M., 1.30, 6.00 and 9.15 P.M. Sunday Trains to New York, leave Bloomfield at 8.00 A.M. and 7.12 P.M.

GETTYSBURG.

PERSONAL REMEMBRANCES.

October, October 1886? No! July—July 2, 63! And this is Cemetery Hill—Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg, Penn., and here we are on the southern part of it, at the left centre of the Union line. To the right of us are the First and Eleventh Corps, curving around the hill on crest and sides, and still farther, and sweeping eastward and southward, is the Twelfth Corps, on Culp's Hill; and down there below Cemetery Hill, are Meade's headquarters, and the Taneytown road up which we have just marched at this early morning hour. And to the left of us, and extending away towards those hills—Round Tops, did you call them?—Little and Big Round Top?—is the Third Corps. And in front of us, beyond this gently sloping hill, and that road (Emmettsburg, is it?), and these undulating fields—a mile away—are woods; and there a little to their right, is a seminary. And Gettysburg—did you say?—is just around to the right, and concealed from view by a grove of trees.

But where are the rebels? Surely, this is not a battle-field; all is so calm and fair this beautiful July morning, and the birds making musical the air, and the bands down the hill to our left playing "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner." It must be that the rebels have retired. Yes, there was bloody fighting yesterday. The broken ranks of the First and Eleventh Corps give full evidence of that. Beyond that ridge in our front and to west of us, General Reynolds led the First Corps to the support of the gallant Buford's Cavalry that was holding in check the advance of the rebel army; and the leader fell pierced with a bullet through the brain. And up the Emmettsburg road came General Howard, soon followed by the Eleventh Corps, swung into line to right of the First, and covering the approach to Gettysburg from north and east. No! it was not an equal fight—two corps of the Union army against a large part of the rebel. But they fought well, from 9 a. m., to half-past four p. m.—Well done! but the broken ranks fell back to this hill and to Culp's hill east. And our Second-Corps General—Hancock; he came up in the afternoon? Yes; we saw him ride past us on the road. And is Meade here? He arrived last night.

And you think, Colonel, that the rebels have retired? But, what of those men over towards the seminary creeping among the bushes towards fence? Ah! send word to the General commanding, "Detail from Thirty-ninth for skirmishers!" And now they pass down at our right; down into the field, and deploy as skirmishers. Brave fellows—brave or stupid, which is it?—there they stand in open field, and the crack of rifles is heard. The rebels are down behind the fence and are sheltered. Drop "Garibaldi's!" Yes, they did drop one after another, as the bullet did its work. Some to rise not again; and here come some of the poor fellows with shattered jaws and maimed limbs and cut faces.

And the battle is opened anew. Crack! Crack! sounds the skirmish fire all morning; and the afternoon is advancing. To immediate left of us is a battery of steel guns; to immediate right of us, in Ziegler's grove, is a battery of brass pieces. But the dark and bright lips are silent. It is mid-afternoon; and now from over by the seminary comes hustling a shell. Right over our heads it flies; and battery to left replies with quick, sharp note, and its shell explodes amid the smoke of the rebel gun. "Boys, lie down!" The men are on the ground, under the iron rain which now rattles over our heads. The time seems? Three o'clock, as the first shot from artillery is fired. How long the time seems. That is the report of a hunter's gun."

"The battle is ended?" Ended? What then means that crack of the skirmisher's rifle?" "Skirmisher's ride? You must be dreaming, Chaplain; that is the report of a hunter's gun."

"Hunter's gun? Oh, yes; and this is October, 1886." And here are the "New York commissioners on soldiers' monuments"; and twenty-three years—to some of us half a lifetime—are between now and that July day when the loved flag was grasped by our victorious hands on the field of Gettysburg!

a field of wheat. Over this, now to the right, now to the left, sweeps the bloody scythe. How the blade rings, dulls with dripping blood! Blue and gray fall in the harvest of death. Up on Little Round Top General Warren stands in plain sight, with signal corps. All day long we have seen the flags waving their silent but forceful language. It is 5.30 p. m., and over the hour has the noise of battle sounded, and now General Warren mounts horse and is speeding down Round Top, for a line of rebels has been seen creeping under cover of trees towards the hill. Hurriedly detaching the One Hundred and Forty-third N. Y. V., from Vincent's Brigade, these with Hazlett's battery, are hurriedly up the hill, among rocks and stones, and barely reach the summit in time to turn back at point of bayonet the rebels rushing with victorious shout up the hill. The position, a key of the field, is saved. But Vincent and Weed and Hazlett are mortally wounded or dead. Down, down the hill the rebels are pressed, and the line of battle is drawn tight across the valley between Little and big Round Top, and up the sides and over the summits of both.

But, look! The fire is creeping towards us along the Emmettsburg road! See in the fields how the panting giants are wrestling! Their breath is affiane. Now one is pressed back, and now the other is forced to knee. "Help!" And down the hill-side toward the combatants we march.

The sun is declining behind the hills in the west. The birds start up and fly away singing in sweet discord with the hoarse music of battle. We are down on the bloody arena. Back, Third corps; forward, the Second! Oh, it was grand!—awfully grand! as with loud, brave cries we pressed them; as Bardsdale, in vain seeking to rally his men, falls; as the rebel line is driven back, broken and scattered. Blaze artillery from the hill beyond in our faces; sting, like serpents, bullets through the air; but, as night sets in the living of our men rest in victory, as the dead sleep in triumph—henceforth unbroke by the turmoil of earthly strife.

What are these sounds to the right of us, over on East Cemetery hill, where Rickett's battery is posted? Surely the enemy has broken in. His cries of success are heard. The guns are in his hands. And now Carroll's brigade from our division is sweeping proudly and quickly to right: on the double quick they push forward. There is a brief struggle, and the Louisiana tigers that have dashed up the hill and among our guns are swept out of existence. Of their seventeen hundred, fourteen hundred are cut down by the fire. Brave night charge was that! But it was fatal to them.

Let the darkness cover the wounded and the dead. Yet, the lanterns are glinting in barns, and the lights shine in the houses within our lines, as the surgeons apply the merciful knife, or the chaplain bends above the suffering and dying.

And the end is not yet. The morning of July third is upon us. It is day, bright and warm. But scarcely has daylight appeared, when off to the right of us is seen the smoke of the renewed strife. The word is, that the evening before Johnson's rebel division moved within our lines—here, in part vacated for the time, to reinforce the line on the left. And our forces, returning and finding their works occupied by the enemy, must uncover their hands for hard blows on the morrow. And the morrow has come, and with it the blows. How they pound, pound, pound through the passing hours of the morning, until the silence tells that all is well; and the extreme point to right on our long fishhook line of battle still holds the enemy.

The morning is past. It is one o'clock, and a half-hour more, and now what thunder breaks along the line! Surely all the elements of destruction are let loose. At us a hundred and fifty cannon are spitting from hot mouths their thunderbolts, and eighty guns are sending their lightning answers. The air, all over the wide field, is fierce and heavy with the iron hail. Horses and men are dropping crushed and dead. For an hour and a half the storm throbs on.

Now, look from Cemetery hill westward. See! from the woods covering Seminary ridge that magnificent line of men—a mile long, three lines deep, and each a double-line—eighteen thousand men, marching with banners flying; marching steadily as on dress parade. And they are coming towards us in a last desperate charge; coming over an open, undulating field a mile in width. Desperation of desperation! On the hill is the Second Corps, and the rest of the Union army in good strong position, to right and left. New battle once more, and men are dropping crushed and dead. For an hour and a half the storm throbs on.

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